Takarakuji de 40 Oku Atattanda kedo Isekai ni Ijuusuru

宝くじで４０億当たったんだけど異世界に移住する

I Won 4 Billion in a Lottery But I Went to Another World

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CHAPTER 1-10. Concise PDF version

Chapter 1 to 7 are translated by Laryvde at https://larvyde.wordpress.com/takarakuji/
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Chapter 1: The Good Stuff

Translated by larvyde

Lotteries, I wonder if you know of such things.

In my country, Japan, the small ones can earn you 100 000 yen, and the big ones can earn you several hundreds of millions of yen, with low probability

There are so many lucky billionaires produced each year, but lucky ones such as them were probably no longer in this country anymore

“Goddammit, I told no one but my parents, so how the hell do those money zombies get wind of this…”

One of those lucky ones, Shino Kazura, was driving in a family car he bought when he won, along a quiet country road in the early summer, cursing all along the way

It all began about a month before

He was on the way back home from work as usual, walking by the supermarket where he usually stops by to buy dinner, when a lottery ticket counter caught his eye, and he casually tried dropping in

Then, right there he saw…

“Lotto 6 now on sale! The carryover is now 4 200 000 yen!!”

…written in big, friendly letters on a poster

“If I win this, my life as a salaryman could be over after just a short three years. Living the easy life at 25 would be nice, huh”

As those dreams crossed his mind, he also thought that even if he didn’t win, it could make for a good joke material, so he tried buying one

However, Kazura thought it won’t make an interesting story if he bought only one, so he bought ten

In other words, if he alone becomes the winner, he would get almost all the carryover of 4 billion yen, that kind of stupid purchase

“I never thought I would really win the 4 billion, though”

Yes, he hit the jackpot with that stupid purchase, and accomplished the feat of being the winner of 4 billion yen

Kazura confirmed the winning number on the night of the lottery, spending a whole hour making sure the number on his ticket matches the winning number published on the internet, and passing the night gazing at his lottery ticket while rolling around in his narrow apartment

Then, it was time to work as usual, and he was about to put his arm into the sleeve of his usual suit when he realized

“I don’t need to go to work…”

Once he realized that, he contacted his company at once for a sick leave

He once again confirmed the number on his ticket matches the winning number, locked his room tight, and hid the ticket in a crack under the refrigerator

From that day until the day of the payout, he spent the time in his room defending the refrigerator, and when the day of the payout came, he called a taxi, went to the bank, and cashed the payouts

Just like that, he deposited his 4 billion in payouts to the bank

After cashing the payouts, he went to work

“Because I’m going to take over my parents’ small town factory, I’m resigning from this company”

That was what he reported to his boss as he submitted his resignation

The boss worried whether he was training him too strictly, but Kazura said

“My parents are already old, and the work of managing the factory was too hard on their bodies, so they told me they wanted me to go back home”

When he explained that way, his boss seemed to understand and warmly said, “that looks tough, but keep at it. If anything happens come talk to me”

By the way, his parents’ factory was by now almost non-operational, and they would do things like using the money they had saved up to travel or loan a field to plant a hobby garden

Afterwards, he spent the one month stipulated by law before resignation to hand over work and deal with unfinished business, and retired amicably on the next day

He subsequently received over 50 phone calls a day from unheard-of religious groups, somewhat shady-sounding volunteer groups, and friends he never seen since grade school, contacting him asking for money

Moreover, every day and night zombies who somehow got wind of his windfall would come knocking on his room door. He got tired of this and decided to leave his apartment

Greatly embarrassed, he consulted his parents

“There’s a residence in the Gunma mountains handed down in the family, so how about hiding there? When we visited it 30 years ago it didn’t seem too rundown, the pillars and roof were fine as well. Also, we want to go out and play so put 100 million in our account will you”

He thought that nobody would find him in a place like that, so he could hide there for a while

Also, he deposited 500 million yen in his parents' account

2 days later the key to the residence arrived by express delivery, and Kazura immediately fled his apartment

"I can't see the building anywhere… The car navigation says the address is around here, though"

30 minutes of driving along mountain roads and 10 minutes of following the car navigation along a narrow dirt road later, a one-story residence came into view

Gravel was spread around the front of the house, and there were almost no weeds growing, it looked well groomed

Bamboo forest spread out in all direction, making a rustling sound as the wind blew on it

"Ooh—, so this is it. It's doing pretty well for something left alone for 30 years"

He stopped his car on the gravel, got off, and checked the residence out. The building seemed tidier than he expected

He unlocked the house with the key and peeked in, it doesn't seem to need sweeping and can be lived in as it is

It really didn't look like it had been left alone for 30 years

"I wonder why is it so tidy. Maybe good houses simply do well even when left alone"

Even while having a slightly eerie impression, Kazura strolled inside the house. In the innermost part of the house he discovered a room with double doors that open outwards, locked with a padlock

"Eeeh…, why is there a padlocked room inside the house…"

Still having ominous apprehension, he tried touching the padlock, and it suddenly crumbled with a "bakii!" sound

Kazura let out a shameful scream and stepped back, the padlock which should have fallen to the floor vanished without a trace

“… this is one of those, right? If I open this door I’ll vanish just like that. There is a way to open it though”

With that Kazura took a rope from his car and tied it on the doorknob, and while clinging to a pillar 10 meters away, he pulled the rope with all his strength

When he pulled on the rope the door easily opened with a creak, and an ordinary 6-tatami matted room appeared inside

Still hanging on the pillar, Kazura let out a small murmur, “…. dammit …”, then he went inside the room, sighing and hanging his head in shame

“What the hell, it’s just an ordinary 6-tata…. ooor not…”

As he went inside and looked up, there was no trace of the 6-tatami room he saw earlier, but instead a cold stone-paved passage, with walls and roof also covered in stone

Confused, he looked back. What he saw there was the double doors hanging open, and beyond that, just a wide room paved with stone

“Eh? What the, did I get spirited away? Wait… huh!?”

He went back the way he came, and the moment he crossed the double doors, the scenery in Kazura’s vision immediately turned back into the residence he was in

Then he crossed the doors again, and he was back in the stone-paved passage

“Oooh, this is cool…”

Like that, he went back and forth between the residence and the stone passage several times, then he noticed and looked at the soles of his feet

“…. I should fetch my shoes from the entrance”

His socks were heavily stained by the dirt from the stone passage

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Chapter 2: At The Village, Part 1

Translated by larvyde

“This is awesome. I wonder how it works”, Kazura murmured, with one side of his face in the tatami-matted room and the other in the stone passage.

Incidentally, he had spread a tarp in the tatami-matted space bordering the stone passage so he can walk with his shoes on.

What was currently seen by Kazura’s eyes were the somewhat strange scene of the stone-paved passage in his left eye and the tatami-matted room in his right.

He relished in the new sensation for a while, but his brain became confused and made him feel nauseous, so he went into the stone-paved passage.

“I wonder what’s inside. It’s so bright, though.”

Looking onto the passage, there was a turn in the path about 30 meters away. Light was shining in from beyond so it’s clearly visible.

The passage itself was brightly illuminated by some kind of luminous moss.

“I’m pretty sure luminous moss is a protected species, should I contact the government?”, Kazura thought as he walked towards the light. As he turned the corner he saw a strange *something*.

“Hm? What’s this…. Guh!”

Looking at it closely, it seemed to be a human skeleton wearing weathered and tattered Japanese clothes.

“You have got to be kidding me… whose bones are these. Rather, the bones are bleached and the clothes are tattered, it must have been here for a while.”

He took a step back from the skeleton, grumbling “I thought I’d finally found a quiet place at last, but in the end I had to ask for the cops” as he took out his cell phone to call the police.

“Huh? I’m out of range?”

When he reached the residence he was sure his signal indicator showed three bars, but here it somehow was out of range.

He thought that maybe it was because he was in this passage, so he tried turning the corner to go outside. Right as he turned the corner there was a grove of trees and he was immediately outside.

He tried checking his cell phone again there, but it was still showing the out of range indicator.

“That’s weird, why am I out of range.”

Kazura tilted his head in doubt, and trying to find a place where the signal could reach, he looked around to find where his car was parked.

“….. where’s my car. Actually, where’s the house. Come to think of it, there weren’t any groves of trees near the house, just bamboo forest.”

With his phone in one hand, Kazura looked around but saw nothing besides the entrance to the stone passage and the grove of trees.

From inside the house out to here, Kazura had moved only 50 meters at most.

If you think about it rationally, there’s no way that the scenery could change this much just by going that far.

“…could this be…”, Kazura murmured with a serious face and ran back toward the stone paved passage.

On the way he greeted the skeleton saying “sorry, passing through a bit.”

“……. I thought so.”

He went back to the tatami-floored room and checked the signal indicator again, it proudly displayed three bars.

“Now I’m sure this door connects to somewhere far away. No wonder it was padlocked and sealed away.”

Understanding that after a while, his mind became filled with excitement, “this is an amazing supernatural phenomenon!”, and he picked up the travel bag he left at the entrance and once again crossed the threshold toward the grove of trees.

His greetings for the skeleton aside, he went on to satisfy his adventurous spirit.

“Speaking of supernatural phenomena around the world, I’ve heard one where they instantly went from one end of America to the other. It’s possible this goes somewhere outside of Japan.”

Putting a mark on the tree where he came out with a stone so he doesn’t lose his way, Kazura walked, and after 5 minutes the grove of trees gave way for some farmland.

Beyond the fields, there were some simple and plain wooden buildings, appearing to be some kind of village, there was also the sight of several villagers working the fields.

“Oooh, first villager spotted. …. From the blonde hair, I’m guessing this is Europe or America.”

The words “illegal immigrant” instantly popped into Kazura’s mind, but he was optimistic that by pretending to be a tourist he wouldn’t be quickly found out.

Then when Kazura was about to take a picture with his camera, the villager seemed to have noticed him and looked his way while saying something to the nearby villagers.

Because Kazura thought it would be too much trouble if they thought he was a suspicious person, he decided to take the initiative and talk before they reported him.

Holding a travelling bag, he does look like a tourist.

“Haro-! Aimu tsaarisuto! Aimu Japaniizu!”

Kazura put on a smile and waved his hand as he walked along the path between the fields toward them. The blonde short-haired strangely skinny man who was saying something to the others…

“Eh? What was that!?”

… replied in perfect Japanese.

Kazura’s hand that was being waved fell down as if it withered.

“Goddammit…. I thought it was some foreign country but it turned out to be some foreigner village like the Netherlander villages in Nagasaki or American villages in Aomori”, he said dejectedly, but somewhat relieved that he was still in Japan.

“I came here for sightseeing. I’m wondering where the nearest station is?”

He trotted toward the villager and talked to him, trying to confirm his location. The villager that answered earlier looked troubled and exchanged looks with the other villagers, but all of the villagers also looked troubled.

“Umm, we don’t really get what you’re saying, but…. are you one of Narson-sama’s messengers?” «TN: Naruson»

“Huh?”

This time, Kazura was the one bewildered by the man’s response.

He doesn’t understand why the villagers said “what are you talking about” when he asked about the station.

Actually, who the hell is this “Narson-sama”.

“Aah, I was looking for the *station* where I can *ride* a *train*….” «TN: he said train, ride, and station in English»

“….. Our deepest apologies. We really don’t understand what you are talking about”.

Hearing the somewhat tensed up man’s words, Kazura folded his arms and groaned, “Humm…”

He thought the word “train station” was not in their vocabulary, so he immediately used what little macaronic language he knew, but it seems the idea didn’t get through at all. «TN: macaronic language – use of mixed languages in speech or text»

In fact, by the fact that they could speak Japanese so fluently, there’s just no way they don’t know of the word “station”.

“(…. their reaction was as if they were hearing the word “station” itself for the first time)”.

The moment that thought entered his mind, Kazura was taken aback and raising his face, he once again surveyed his surroundings.

What he saw were all simple wooden one-story houses, with something that looked like straw on top for roofs, you really couldn’t say they were proper houses, not even as a compliment.

Also, what the villagers in front of him were wearing, although he didn’t know what they’re made of, they were plain and roughly sewn.

Looking at the field, the hoes that were left there had handles and blades made of wood and didn’t look easy to use at all.

Then, the villagers that had been talking to Kazura looked very thin, and were clearly showing signs of malnutrition.

“(Is this really Japan? Isn’t this another world altogether?)”

There were also the padlock that vanished in front of his eyes and the doorway where the space changes just by crossing it.

It is very possible that this place is an entirely different world.

Kazura thought that even if they were only doing some period acting as part of some event and laughing at him, he decided to “interact with them as if they were not acting”.

“Ah, sorry. My local dialect came out. I’m a travelling merchant, Kazura’s the name. I was looking for a place to spend the night”.

Kazura unfolded his arms and putting on a businesslike smile, he smoothly made up a cover story.

Presumably, this world…. or maybe at least this area, had a rather low level of culture.

He could be able to pass himself off as a merchant just using what's in the travel bag hanging from his right hand.

"A merchant you say? So far there's never been a merchant that came to our village, but…."

"Oh, is that true. I got lost along the way and suddenly chanced upon this village, so I'm the first merchant to ever come to this village. Though it's just a coincidence, it would be my honour".

Kazura showed a friendly smile, and the man and the other villagers seemed to loosen up.

They probably mistook Kazura for a retainer or something of this local bigwig Narson.

"As a mark for our new acquaintanceship, I would like to give you a part of my commodities to the village. How about salt, or maybe some medicine to relieve pain?"

"Eh, salt?…. salt you say!? And medicine!?"

Seeing the surprised man, Kazura chuckled inwardly.

"Yes, salt and medicine. As a mark of friendship, I will give you, though there's just a little of it", he smiled.

If Kazura's memory serves him correctly, in ancient times just by saying salt and medicine they would understand they were valuable stuff.

Salt aside, for the commoners before him, medicine would be something they'd never had their hands on.

"Wa, wait while I call the village chief…. No, I'll take you to the chief's residence, come along please".

Kazura, smiling, said “all right” to the confused man that invited him along, while muttering “hell yeah” inside.

Then, if he could make a good impression on the village chief, he might be able to use this village as base to explore this new world.

After walking for 10 minutes, led by the man into the village.

He reached a more sturdy-looking house when compared to the other houses.

The man said to Kazura, “please wait a moment”, and knocked strongly on the house’s sliding door.

“Valletta-san, it’s Roselou! I’m bringing along a travelling merchant! Says he’ll give us some salt and medicine!” «TN: Baretta, Rozuruu»

The man who brought Kazura along—seems his name was Roselou—waited after knocking on the door.

After 10 seconds the door opened, and a thin young girl came out.

“Ah, Roselou-san…. I thought I heard you say medicine…”

There were deep bags under the girl’s eyes, and her limbs were thin as sticks.

No matter where you take her, you can unashamedly say she was the very image of malnutrition and overwork.

Coupled with a stature that is one head shorter than Kazura, who was 170 cm tall, she gives off a fleeting impression.

The girl’s shoulder-length blonde hair was tied in a ponytail behind her head, but because of malnutrition it lacked moisture and seemed dry.

“(If she took proper rest and nourishment, she’d be really cute)”.

Despite being thin from malnutrition, by Kazura’s judgement she had the features that would count as cute.

Putting aside Kazura who was wrapped up in his impression of the girl, Roselou started talking excitedly.

“Yes! With Kazura-san’s medicine we might be able to cure the chief’s illness!”

“Eh, is that true!? Can father’s life really be saved!? Thank you very much!”

Hearing the word “medicine”, the fatigued face of the girl, Valletta, lighted up, and looking at Kazura she bowed her head with tears in her eyes”.

“Eh? Wa, wait a minute. Is your father afflicted by an illness?”

The way the conversation is going, Kazura was going to be the savior of the father of the girl in front of him.

If it’s just cold or stomach medicine he had some with him, but if it was tuberculosis or cancer there was little he could do.

“Yes, he was confined to bed since 5 days ago, his fever had been high the whole time, I wanted to give him some nourishment but we don’t have proper food…. If we had money I would have called for a doctor, but people like us have very little money… I, was halfway into giving up”.

It seems like her father had a serious illness.

Then somehow they thought that the medicine Kazura was going to give them would be able to cure the chiefs illness.

Even though he never really did say what kind of medicine he had.

“(I did say medicine, but it’s just antacids and a little bit of painkiller the doctor prescribed me earlier, oh and some Lipo-D”. «TN: Lipovitan-D, an energy drink»

Recalling what medicines he had in the bag, Kazura’s mood became gloomy.

In the worst case, if the chief’s illness turned out to be some incurable disease, the medicine he brought could do nothing, and since he was not a trained medical professional, Kazura believed he could not give a proper diagnosis.

He had thought that there might be some villagers whose legs hurt from working on the fields too much, and he had painkillers so he could give some to them, but that was to naïve of him.

“I don’t know whether the medicine I have would be effective or not, but anyway, may I look at the chief-san’s condition for now?”

“Yes, please!”

Seeing Valletta bow to him so vigorously, Kazura prayed “please let it be some back pain or malnutrition”, and he entered the residence, guided by Valletta.

“Father, this man has some medicine! Everything will be all right!”

“Chief! It’ll all be all right!”

“Uu…., me… dicine…?”

“(….. hee ….)”

He went in and the moment he saw Valletta’s father, Kazura thought that he clearly should be bringing some condolence gifts instead.

“How is he, Kazura-san? Can Father be cured?”

While still holding her father’s hand, she looked up with teary eyes at Kazura, who was standing up.

“Is there a funeral house nearby?”, Kazura thought the unspeakable, but for the moment he sat down beside Valletta’s father and looked at his condition.

“Whoa, that’s a terrible fever. His eyes are also sunk and unfocused, and he’s also shivering all over, he’s….. all right! He can be healed!!”

Even seen with untrained eyes his condition was clearly terrible, and Kazura was about to give his honest thoughts, but the moment he saw tears about to spill from Valletta’s eyes he immediately changed his words.

Though he immediately thought “aww, crap!” afterwards.

“Really!? ….I’m so glad”.

“Ah, no, rather than heal, I’d say he’ll soon be released from his suffering…”

Gripping Kazura’s hand, the teary-eyed Valletta thanked him again and again. Kazura started to feel cold sweat dripping out.

The final blow for Kazura came from Roselou.

“Is that true! Then I’ll be reporting this to the other villagers!”

As he said that, he ignored Kazura trying to stop him in confusion and flew out of the residence.

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Chapter 3 : At The Village, Part 2

Translated by larvyde6

“Father, drink this and you’ll be fine. Hold on and drink”

Valletta propped up her father who was groaning painfully, and put the medicine she got from Kazura (antacids and antipyretic painkilling pills) and water into his mouth.

While coughing, her father somehow managed to swallow the medicine.

“Also this, this is a nutritious drink, drink this too”.

Seeing Valletta who was giving her father Lipo-D to drink, Kazura was greatly perplexed.

There’s no way a person who was on the brink of death to be cured just with that medicine.

He gave him Lipo-D as consolation, but rather than recovering his fighting spirit, he seems to be going toward the eternal sleep.

“Kazura-san, when is Father going to be healthy again?”

After giving her father the medicine and Lipo-D and letting him rest again, Valletta asked Kazura.

“Ah—, that’s right, at the latest he will be released from his pain by tomorrow or the day after, I think”.

Receiving Kazura’s somewhat reckless reply, Valletta smiled in relief.

“Thank goodness……. Umm, Kazura-san, have you decided on where you would sleep tonight? If you haven’t, it’s not much to say it’s thanks for the medicine, but please stay at our house”.

Kazura was filled with feelings of guilt for Valletta who was expressing her innermost faith in him, and he decided.

If her father were to die like that, he would bow down to her and use all his assets to make it up to her for it.

“I’m sorry it’s so dirty, but how about it?”

“…… please”, he weakly murmured to Valletta who was making her recommendation to him.

“…… this turned out to be something big”.

At the corner of an 8-tatami sized wooden floored room, Kazura spent two hours being at his wits’ end.

Seeing from the chief’s condition earlier, probably tonight or tomorrow he would be on his deathbed.

When that happens, would Valletta forgive him or wouldn’t she.

After saying “he’ll be healed”, and having him die afterwards, he wouldn’t complain even if, at worst, she came to stab him.

“Kazura-san!”

Afterwards, Kazura spent 20 more minutes rolling on the floor, being troubled, then Valletta swiftly rushed inside the room.

Kazura reflexively jumped, and with great force bowed with his head on the floor.

“Father is healed! That was really some amazing medicine, thank you very much!”

“I’m very sorr…. eh?”

Hearing the unexpected news, Kazura raised his head and his eyes met with Valletta’s who was looking at him doing a dogeza with curiosity. «TN: dogeza – kneeling and bowing down until one’s head touches the ground. much sorry. very apology»

“Umm, by healed you mean your father is now healthy?”

“Yes, he’s up already and is now preparing dinner. After being in so much pain he could be back in full health so quickly, that was really some amazing medicine!”

Hearing Valletta’s reply, Kazura became very surprised.

What Kazura gave to the village chief was only some antipyretic painkillers, antacids, and then some Lipo-D.

He should not have been back in full health so soon.

“You have got to be kidding me…….”.

“Eh?”.

“Ah, no, never mind”.

Kazura corrected his words in confusion to Valletta who was looking at him blankly.

He had absolutely no idea how the chief could be back in health so quickly, rather he couldn’t believe it.

“Umm, just in case, would you let me see your father’s condition?”

“Sure, Father said he wanted to say his thanks during dinner, too, the time’s just right. It’ll be done soon so let’s go to the living room”.

Kazura tailed behind the happily smiling Valletta while tilting his head in doubt.

“Ooh, so you’re Kazura-san. Thank you very much for sharing your precious medicine. Here here, please sit down”.

“Ah, thanks….”

When Kazura and Valletta arrived at the living room, the village chief who was having difficulty breathing earlier was in the middle of making some kind of soup in the fireplace at the center of the room.

His body was thin as a stick, but his complexion looked healthy.

“I deeply apologise for not greeting you properly earlier. I’m Varin, this village’s chief. Here here, dinner’s just about ready. Please have a bite”. «TN: Barin»

“Thank you very much. Umm, how are you feeling?”

While receiving a soup-filled wooden bowl and a wooden spoon, Kazura asked the village chief, and he replied with a smile.

“Once I took Kazura-san’s medicine, before I knew it I was like this. This is the first time I’ve taken anything remotely resembling medicine, but I never thought it would be this amazing…… Is there any way I could thank you with”.

“I was surprised as well. I’ve heard that unless you take medicine for a few days you wouldn’t get better, I never thought I would see something as amazing as this”.

The one who is surprised is Kazura.

With only a few hundred yen’s worth of medicine and energy drink, a half-dead man could be restored to full health, and only in a matter of hours, too.

At any rate, the fact is that the village chief’s illness seem to have been healed, and his impression of Kazura had become really good.

“That’s all good then”.

Kazura sipped his soup while having that kind of conversation, but his head was full of question marks.

Still in a daze, he sipped his soup, and a strange texture of food hit him, so he parted his lips from the bowl.

He looked into it, wondering what ingredients are there, and he saw some kind of leaves and something that looked like a caterpillar inside.

“(It’s not a caterpillar, It’s not a caterpillar, It’s not a caterpillar, must be some kind of fruit, some kind of tree fruit that looks like a caterpillar)”.

“Ah, that’s what I caught for Father, Arcadian bugs. They’re not Croco bugs you know”.

“……”

As Kazura was prodding the food with his spoon, Valletta brought the word of despair.

He couldn’t possibly mention that he dislikes the Arcadian bug to the point of not wanting to touch it, but putting it in his mouth was another matter.

It’s not the problem of them being Croco bugs or not.

“We couldn’t catch very much recently. I could only gather 10 today…. They seem to be high-class foodstuff in town, so they taste very good, right…. Ah, but Kazura-san must have had some before”.

Next to the happily smiling Valletta, the village chief said “Yup, every time I eat them they’re always tasty”, while crunching on the bugs.

Kazura wanted to say “I’ve never eaten any and don’t want any!!”, but of course he didn’t have the nerve to do so, so he just loudly said “You’re right! It does taste good!” with tears in his eyes trying to fool himself, while filling his mouth with the Arcadian bugs, that for some reason had been generously put into his bowl, and chewed.

His first Arcadian bug tasted like weak corn soup.

“Do your best, my stomach. I’ll deal with the bugs with seirogan later”. «TN: seirogan – beechwood extract for treating diarrhea»

After dinner, Kazura took seirogan and collapsed in his room, and Valletta came bringing a futon.

“Kazura-san, here’s your futon. It’s about time for bed, right?”

Hearing Valletta, Kazura glanced at his watch.

He didn’t know if there was a time difference with his world but judging from the light outside there wasn’t much of it.

“Eh? It’s still 6…. No, it’s still light outside?”

“Yes, but the sun’s going down soon”.

Valletta said while looking at the sky outside the barred windows.

Kazura followed her gaze and saw the sky dyed orange, it does look like the sun’s going to set.

“(That’s how it is, it’s not like this house has any candles or lanterns or the like for lighting)”

Probably the entire village lived by rising with the sun and sleeping when the sun has set.

Even in his world, in the old days illumination like candles were expensive items, probably it's the same case in this world.

That is, if illumination has been invented at all.

"Ah, that's right. I'll gratefully accept".

Saying his thanks, he accepted the hard futon that was frayed here and there.

At first he believed they had no baths or the like, but the fact that they had futons were a big help.

"Oh, right. I forgot to give you this".

Taking the futon, Kazura realized he still hadn't handed over the salt he said he would, and took a plastic bag of salt from his travel bag.

The words "Table Salt 1 kg" was written large on the clear plastic bag.

It's priced at 105 yen at the supermarket, tax included.

"I promised to give you some salt".

"Eh, is this salt!? I've never seen salt so white like this!"

Taking the salt from Kazura, Valletta widened her eyes in surprise.

That is to say, the salt in this world had many impurities in it, giving it some color.

"Also, this bag-like transparent thing, what is it?"

"Hm? That's plasti…. Ah, crap…"

Seeing Valletta curiously look at the transparent plastic wrapping the salt, he slapped his head.

Having never seen plastic or anything like it, she wouldn't understand even if he explained it to her.

Kazura dismissed it with a “something like that”.

“It’s something recently invented in my country. It’s light and yet strong. Even if you put water in it it won’t break”.

“Is that so… Um, what’s written here? I’ve never seen these letters before”.

“It’s the letters of my country. It says salt. Umm, have you really never seen this kind of letters before?”

Somehow, despite understanding Japanese, Kanji and Hiragana weren’t understood.

In this village, at the very least.

“Yes, Father taught me so I can somewhat read and write, but I’ve never seen these letters before”.

For some reason, words were well-understood but letters were not, such double standards, what a strange world this is.

“Um, Kazura-san”

While he was thinking “it was great that the language is the same, but troubling that I won’t be able to read words”, Valletta reservedly started talking.

“It’s about the medicine you gave Father…. Certainly, it’s a very expensive item, isn’t it?”

“Yeah….. something like that, it’s quite expensive”.

Kazura answered after thinking a while.

It actually costs a few hundred yen in total, but if it really had a strong effect on all the people in this world like it did on the village chief, it could become a tremendous power depending on how it’s used.

It’s probably best not to give it away so cheaply.

“That’s…. probably true, huh”.

Hearing Kazura’s reply, Valletta was downcast.

“Um… I’m begging you!”

Then, as if having resolved herself, she raised her head, and took Kazura’s hand, making a request.

“We’ll certainly pay you back someday, so please share that medicine with everyone in the village! If need be I don’t mind if you sell me to a slave trader, just, please, save this village!”

“Wai, slave trader.., there’s slavery!? ….. nononono, I get it already so raise your head please!”

Kazura tried to calm Valletta who was clinging on to him, repeatedly saying “please, please” with tears in her eyes.

“Are there any other sick people?”

“Yes… People who got sick like Father, there are 50 of them. There were 7 that died because their fever did not go down. There are also mothers with babies who could not give them milk, we tried grinding Arcadian bugs and giving it to them to drink, but it really looks like their bodies couldn’t take it after all…. None of the babies have died yet, but they’ve become so dreadfully thin, it’s just a matter of time…”

“People in this village, how many are there?”

“Uhh, I think it was about 110 people”.

“So about half of them are down…”

It seems like this village was having a serious starvation problem.

If this goes on this village will probably be destroyed.

“Please, I’m very well aware that just by selling myself to slavery won’t be enough to pay for one of those medicines, but at least save the children, please….”

Saying that, Valletta became dejected again.

If you don’t help out at a moment like this, you’re a failure as a man, so the saying goes.

On top of being able to save this village with just some tens of thousands of yen, he could also secure a base of operations for his activities in this world.

If all goes well, he might even raise the village girl Valletta's flag as well.

"All right, the flag… no, to save the village, I'll happily share the medicine. Also, don't mind about the money, but in return, I wanted to live in this village".

"Eh!?"

Valletta was surprised at Kazura's proposal.

As far as she knows, the stuff called medicines cost an eye-popping amount of money to acquire.

The fact that he asked to stay in the village aside, offering medicines for free is something incredulous.

"B, but, not taking money just with that, though I was the one who asked it of you, will it be all right with you, Kazura-san?"

"Yeah, lives are way more important than money, after all".

Valletta looked at Kazura, who gave an answer that really couldn't be called flowery words no matter how you put it, with a dumbfounded look.

Seeing Valletta like that, Kazura thought "Oh no, that answer just now was too shady was it?", sweating profusely.

"Really…. Is it alright to believe in you?"

"O, of course. Leave it to me", answered Kazura to Valletta who asked with a trembling voice, and once again, bit by bit, tears appeared on her eyes.

Then, a trail of tears flowed down on her face, and raising her voice loudly, she cried like a child.

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Chapter 4 : At The Village, Part 3

Translated by larvyde

“So, sorry, I was so relieved by Kazura-san’s answer”.

“No no, It’s been hard hasn’t it? It’s just like cutting a tense cord”.

After the sobbing Valletta had calmed down somewhat, Kazura stood up with a “well then..”

Now that he knew there were people dying of malnutrition, it was not the time to be lollygagging.

“I’m going back to my country right now for some medicine. I’ll be sure to be back by tomorrow morning”.

“Eh!?”

Valletta was surprised by Kazura’s proclamation.

As far as she knows, walking at night on unfamiliar territory without any illumination is tantamount to suicide.

In one corner of her mind, she thought that if it’s Kazura, he might have some expensive lighting tool, but for a merchant who had finally reached this village after losing his way to depart in the middle of the night, even if it’s toward the country he came from, unlike going in the daytime he will certainly get lost, and possibly be attacked by animals or bandits.

“Right now? But the sun’s about to go down? The roads are dangerous at night, tomorrow morning is rather…. But then again, going up to the border checkpoint to Balveil from here will take you at least 4 days no matter how fast you go”. «TN: Barubeeru»

At Valletta who was worrying for his safety, Kazura shook his head.

It seem that Valletta mistook Kazura for having come from this Balveil country, but walking from here to Japan will only take 15 minutes.

He had also marked the trees on the grove where he passed through, and he didn't have to walk far into the grove.

"Well, if I put off my departure somebody might die, if that happens no matter how I mourn it won't be any condolence. Also, it's not like I came from Balveil. I can go there and back in half a day, and also".

Kazura took out a pen light from his travel bag, then he flicked the switch.

"Eh!?"

"Even if the roads are dark, I've got this".

While Valletta was still dumbfounded by the strong light from the pen light, Kazura said "well, see you tomorrow then", and left the room.

"Now then, are there any 24-hour supermarkets near the house?"

In the middle of the dark forest where the sun had set, Kazura sought the markings he made when he came using the pen light, all the while running with his travel bag in hand.

Because it was not a long way away to begin with, after a mere 2 minutes he was already on the stone paved passageway.

"'Scuse me, passing through."

He greeted the crumbling skeleton on the corner of the passageway as usual and crossed the portal leading to his original world.

As soon as he confirmed the scenery around him had changed, Kazura went outside the residence and got on his car.

"Let's see, the nearest supermarket is… 40 km from here, huh. That's quite a supermarket shortage".

Sighing and grumbling, Kazura drove his car towards the supermarket 40 km away where he could buy the Lipo-D and foodstuffs.

"50 sick villagers, whole village malnourished. Also, babies whose mothers can't give milk. … rice and canned food, and also powdered milk. Let's see, how much should I buy".

Kazura finally realized the terrifying amount of food he had to buy while pushing his shopping cart at the supermarket while thinking.

“Wait a minute, I was going to bring them rice, but what if there’s no water? If I’m not wrong, the village just went through a drought didn’t it? I think they had just about enough to drink, but do they have enough to cook rice with?”

It’s too late to regret not leaving the village after hearing about the village’s situation from Valletta.

After having thought about a lot of things while pushing his cart, in the end he bought 100 kg pre-washed rice, 20 kg salt, 5 kg dried plums, 400 bottles of Lipo-D (all the stock left in the store), 10 cans of milk powder, 10 liters of water (for use with the milk powder in case their water is too dirty), and 60 cans of canned peaches (grandma said to eat canned peaches when you’re sick).

If there is no water, he’d give the villagers Lipo-D for temporary nourishment, and he would bring water in a poly-tank later.

When the goods are being rung up, the part-timer girl manning the register asked “is this for emergency food?”, and he nodded honestly.

“The drugs corner is closed at this time, as I expected. The medicines I brought from the apartment aren’t enough…”

Kazura groaned while driving the car that had gotten almost 150 kg heavier.

The time is now 9:30 pm.

Driving at the safe speed of 40 km/h along the mountain roads, he arrived at the supermarket at 8 pm sharp.

Of course, the drugs corner had already closed some time ago.

There are 20 pills each left of both the antacids and painkillers I gave the village chief, but since there are 50 sick people that number is not enough.

But then again, antacids are for protecting the lining of the stomach, and though the painkillers are antipyretic, the one most responsible for healing his illness was the nutrition drink Lipo-D.

If most of the people were weakened due to lack of nutrition, I should be able to somehow manage with the Lipo-D.

“I think I can do with just giving the medicines to those with high fevers or the ones in pain. If I could just save their lives I’ll leave it at that for now”.

Compromising like that for the time being, Kazura proceeded into the dark mountain road.

Driving while watching the farmhouses dotting the landscape, Kazura suddenly realized something important and shouted “Ah, dammit!”

“How can I bring this many things all the way to the village… I can’t possibly bring the car inside the house”.

The goods he was carrying weighed almost 150 kg, it’s impossible to carry all that to the village by hand.

He could bring them over in several trips, but as a modern-day man, Kazura would say he’d rather not do it.

“This.. is a problem, even if I go to the hardware store now it would’ve closed…. Should I make round trips…”

While driving and being troubled, he saw a pull cart in a storage shed on a field by the roadside.

Kazura spontaneously stopped the car, and stared fixatedly on the pull cart in the shed.

“Muu, nice timing…. but if I just took it like that I’d be a thief”.

Though it’s an heavy old model made of iron, it was very sturdy due to its simple structure.

The wheels are also made of no-puncture tires (they’re solid rubber on the inside).

“No two ways about it… this is an emergency, I’d like them to forgive me with this”.

Kazura took the pull cart out of the shed and tied the handlebar to his car with rope.

Then he took out 30 10000-yen bills out of his wallet, put it in a clear plastic bag he had in his car, and wrote “I’m sorry” on the bag. He put the bag in the place where the pull cart was and went back to driving.

Incidentally, several days later when Kazura passed through the shed again, there was a brand new foldable pull-cart there. On the cart’s handlebar there was a note saying “Thanks. Take some vegetables or something if you like”.

“Here at last…. The pull cart’s rope didn’t get loose”.

He undid the rope on the back of his car and took the cart inside, putting the rice and other stuff he had on the back seat on it.

He drove slowly, minding the cart, so it took him quite some time until he got back, and it was currently 12 o’clock, midnight.

But even so, he would be back at Valletta’s village in an hour late at most.

It had only been 6 hours since he left the village.

“I’d like to have a bit of rest, but that won’t do. Let’s just have some dried plum and Lipo-D, then go”.

When he thought about it, he hadn’t eaten anything besides soup with some mysterious leaves and arcadian bugs in it since he went to the other world in the afternoon.

It’s a bit tough lacking in calories, but a couple Lipo-Ds and a dried plum could do.

He’ll somehow manage with the combo of 2-punch fight and citric acid. «TN: ファイト２発»

“I’m gonna have to clean the tatami later…. Well, let’s go!”

Kazura shouted to raise his fighting spirit while he pulled the pull cart laden with 150 kg of baggage and crossed the threshold to the other world.

“Ooh, that’s a pull cart for you. It’s light”.

Kazura pulled the cart through the stone-paved passage and proceeded lightly, lighting up the path with the pen light.

While in the grove, there were some small problems with tree roots, but thanks to the pull cart which had a maximum load of several hundred kg, he was able to pass through without a hitch.

As he pulled the cart towards Valletta’s house in the village like that for 5 minutes, someone came over running from the house.

“Huh, Valletta-san, you’re still up?”

“Kazura-san! Could it be? You’re back… and that luggage!?”

Valletta widened her eyes in surprise seeing the large amount of payload on the pull cart.

“I brought food and medicine from my country. Umm… I’d be thankful if you take it without asking too much”.

He thought to tell her all about him coming to this world, but even if he told her he came from another world she would probably not believe him.

Also, if you think about it, it’s quite a strange story for there to be a place where you can go to Japan and back only 5 minutes away from the village, and yet nobody in the village knows of its existence.

If that stone passage was some kind of hallowed ground, it would be troubling if word somehow got out.

“Kazura-san…. could you be Gre…”

“Eh?”

“Ah, no, it was nothing! There’s so much food and medicine, thank you very much!”

For some reason Valletta became flustered. She then thanked Kazura and slipped beneath the handlebar to help him pull the cart.

He wondered what she was about to say, but at any rate, he was thankful she didn't inquire too much about it.

Then he pulled the cart together with Valletta to her house for about 5 minutes, but she seemed to be deep in thought and didn't say a word.

"Aah, my back hurts…. I'm getting muscle cramps".

After carrying the load on the cart into Valletta's residence, Kazura rubbed his back with his hand.

Though Valletta didn't seem too malnourished he didn't want her carrying heavy stuff, Kazura brought in the 100 kg rice and Lipo-d on his own.

"I'm sorry, I didn't have the strength…."

Looking at Kazura like that, Valletta apologized.

"Ah, no no, don't worry about it. Rather than that, it's already night, so what do we do? Should we make rounds on the houses bringing medicine?"

"Yes, I'm sure everyone is in pain, so I want to bring it to them as soon as possible".

"That's right isn't it", Kazura said, agreeing to what she said, he then slung the travel bag that was in the pull cart on his shoulder.

Expecting this, he had already crammed it full of Lipo-D and powdered milk and also baby bottles.

"All right, let's go".

"Okay".

Lighting their path with the pen light, the two walked around the village in quck steps.

"Here, hold on and drink this. This is magic medicine, your illness will soon be cured".

"R, really…. Thanks…"

"Eh? No, it's nothing like that…"

As they arrived at each villagers' house, they quickly took out the Lipo-D and made the villagers drink it.

Valletta gave them the Lipo-D to drink, for some reason fully confident in it, but Kazura was still not convinced and was feeling slightly anxious.

"What are you saying? It's the truth isn't it? Come, let's go to the next house".

Even while having an argument like that, they quickly went to the next villager's house.

After all, there are 50 villagers that was sick in total.

Visiting each house in turn would take quite a bit of time

"Ah, that's right, since there were babies who couldn't get their mother's milk, I have something to substitute for that. We'd have to hurry there".

"Eeh!? Really!? Then, I'm sorry for the sick people, but let's put priority on the babies".

By the time they finished making their rounds to each house like this, the sun was already peeking from behind the mountains.

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Chapter 5 : The Ravages of War

Translated by by larvyde

After having finished giving milk powder to all the babies in the village (we left a can of milk powder and a baby bottle at each house after explaining how to use them), and having finished the monumental task of giving the sick villagers Lipo-D to drink, the two of us went back to the house for our next task.

Emergency feeding.

But of course, the two of us were exhausted after doing so much without rest, we had a Lipo-D and sat down for a little rest.

“Ah, this medicine tastes good. A bit different than I expected”.

After receiving the Lipo-D from Kazura, Valletta held it in both hands with great care, and said that as she was drinking it a little bit at a time.

“Right? I like the taste, too, every da… No, I often drink it”.

Actually, he always took a Lipo-D to begin his activities each day, but since it would be weird if he was taking medicine every day, he changed what he was about to say.

“By the way, the food situation in the village looked bad, is it alright if I ask what happened?”

Kazura asked something that had been bothering him since he came back to the village, and Valletta’s expression clouded.

“There hadn’t been any rain recently and the water in the pond is almost gone because of the drought….”

“Ah, so the crops are damaged because of the drought…”

Kazura nodded, understanding what Valletta said, then she painfully continued talking.

“The direct cause is the dry weather, but in the past we would make do by going to the river a way off from here and drawing water from there, but because of the war that lasted until 4 years ago almost all the young people in the village had died…. So when we get a long drought like this we were shorthanded and couldn’t maintain the crops”.

“There was a war just recently?”

“Eh?”

Valletta blankly looked at Kazura after his reply, but she immediately seemed like she understood something and started explaining to him about the war.

“Yes, for 6 years until 4 years ago, Balveil and our country, Arcadia were at war. We don’t know what happened to cause the war but we heard from one of Narson-sama’s retainers that the Balveilans are coming to attack

soon. Because of that, the young men from our village were called upon to become soldiers but as the war dragged on, they soon became shorthanded and even recruited women, leaving just the elderly and the very young children behind."

Having listened to what Valletta said, Kazura nodded with a hum.

Judging from her story, the war between Balveil and Arcadia was especially hard on the Arcadians, to the point of having to call upon the people who were young men and even women at the time.

The reason why he hadn't seen Valletta's mother ever since he came to the village is probably also because she had lost her life during the war.

"Because Balveil were also at war with other countries besides Arcadia, 4 years ago all these countries formed an alliance, and because of this alliance, the nations were able to cooperate and caused even the great country Balveil to be wearied. Then, Balveil proposed an 8-year white peace, which they all agreed to." «TN: white peace – a ceasefire (i.e. nobody is declared winner nor loser), back before firearms existed»

"No matter the country, they will reach the limits of their power after a long war, huh"

In other words, the large number of victims of this war had caused a large shortage of labor, and it is now causing suffering for the Arcadians.

Because the young men who were at the core of the labor force were cut down in one stroke, food production declined, and it is possible that the dwindling population could cause further labor shortages, trapping them in a vicious cycle.

Other towns and cities besides this village were probably suffering under the same conditions.

"This year is the 4th year of the truce, so in 4 more years the truce will expire. If another war were declared after those 4 years, I may also be called in to become soldiers when it happens"

Kazura was at a loss for words at what she said.

Because a young woman like Valletta, who doesn't seem like she'd be suited for battle, would be drafted and dragged out to the battlefields in 4 years' time.

Seeing the silent Kazura, Valletta said "well then", and stood up.

"Let's get started on preparing the food. Thanks to Kazura-san's medicine, my fatigue is now completely gone"

"Yeah, you're right, let's go", answered Kazura to the smiling Valletta, and he also got up.

"There is a shed by the house, inside there is a cauldron we use to make food for festivals. If we use that we could make food for all the villagers. But since it's so big we need a lot of firewood, we can't use it unless we ask all the villagers to share some firewood."

"I see…. then I'll prepare the cauldron. Valetta-san, could you go round to the villagers and ask them to bring firewood because we're going to be preparing food? Also, it would be great if you could get them to bring a bit of water along"

"All right, then. I think father is going to wake up soon so you can ask him about setting the cauldron or anything else."

Then, Valletta showed Kazura where the shed was.

"Well, I'll be going then. I'm sorry but please do the preparations."

With that, she left the residence in a small run.

While watching the back of Valletta who was running away, Kazura murmured to himself, "War, huh? Where was I and what was I doing back then, I wonder?"

"Uwaa, this is big. If it's with this I can make food for 100 people with some to spare."

Kazura took the large bronze cauldron that looked about 1 meter in diameter out from the shed together with the village chief who woke up soon afterwards, and he let out a voice in admiration.

It was easily 50 cm deep, they could make 100 people's worth of rice porridge with this.

"Yep, usually we make lots of of soup during festivals to share with the villagers using this cauldron. It was popular with the villagers because we used to add lots of meat from kahuku we hunted in the mountains and also lots of vegetables in." «TN: kafuku»

"Ooh, meat soup, huh. If you made a lot then it must be really good."

While thinking "Kahuku is probably some kind of deer. Wait, they use the word 'soup' here?", Kazura nodded to the village chief.

"By the way, this 'rice' we're going to make porridge with, just what kind of thing is it?"

"Umm, it's a grain-type food that doesn't really have flavor, but it's full of nutrients. Normally you don't make porridge out of it but boil it instead, but since there are a lot of sick people I thought it was better to make porridge."

While Kazura gave his explanations to the village chief, the two of them made a base for the cauldron using stone stored inside the shed, put the cauldron on it, and put 30 kg of rice inside the cauldron.

He thought it was too much, but it's better than it running out of afterwards.

Afterwards Kazura completed the preparations and asked the chief about things like the situation in the village. As he was doing so, villagers started coming one by one holding firewood and buckets of water.

Among the villagers there were also the people who Kazura gave Lipo-D to back before sunrise.

"Kazura-san, thanks for the medicine earlier. Thanks to you I can already go walking about like this."

The villager who said that while grabbing Kazura's hand had a really healthy complexion.

It seems that Lipo-D can show some considerable effects in this world.

That’s good then. I’m now making a cauldron full of porridge, so eat to your heart’s content for your health.”

With the help of the villagers who came along, he put the water in the cauldron and set up the firewood.

The villagers all bowed to Kazura in unison, while one of the mothers whose baby had been given powdered milk grabbed his hand with tears in her eyes.

While Kazura was being thanked by the villagers surrounding him like that, Valleta came back, and everyone continued preparing the porridge noisily.

“This is good! I’ve never had porridge this delicious!”

“It’s true, there’s a lot of salt put in it, and this dried plum thing is really good even though it’s sour!”

Because of the size of the cauldron it took 2 hours for the porridge to cook, and as it was done Kazura sent Valletta to eat as he served the porridge to the villagers.

As the porridge touched their mouths, all the villagers unanimously said “delicious!” in surprise and delight.

“(Now that I think about it, yesterday’s Arcadian bug soup had almost no flavor in it. These people seem to have no flavoring whatsoever.)”

In this world where mere salt is traded as a highly prized commodity, it was probably the taste of the only barely usable flavor ingredient.

He felt that he could understand the feelings of Valletta and the village chief who was eating the Arcadian bug while saying “delicious! delicious!”

“Hey hey nii-chan, why do you look so weird?”

“Eh?”

As he was distributing the porridge to the villagers who were happily asking for seconds again and again while thinking about such matters, one 5~6 year old boy came by and pulled on Kazura’s clothes.

Having been asked that, Kazura started comparing his own clothes with that of the villagers.

Kazura was wearing a thin-striped white short-sleeved shirt and jeans, and a pair of slightly raised sneakers for shoes.

On the other hande, the villagers were wearing rough-seamed plain clothes top and bottom, and something like sandals made out of woven grass for their feet.

It was obvious that Kazura's clothes were out of place.

"Umm, this is…"

"Kolz!!!" «TN: Korutsu»

While Kazura was at a loss as to how he would answer, a woman who looked like the boy's mother came and took him in her arms in hot haste while bowing deeply, saying "I'm truly sorry!", and ran off before Kazura could reply.

As he thought "what the hell was that" while watching the back of the woman who ran away, Kazura noticed the eyes of the villagers were all focused on him.

The hustle and bustle of just a few moments ago had turned to silence, and the villagers were for some reason wearing anxious expressions.

"Ka, Kazura-san, umm…."

"Uhh, what's the matter everyone? Is there something on my face?", Kazura replied to the panicked Valletta, then he felt the tense silence surrounding him unravel.

"Ah, no! It was nothing! Um, I was wondering if I could get seconds!"

"Ah, yeah, alright"

Even while serving porridge to Valletta, he could hear the villagers saying "phew" or "he didn't notice" from far away, but he was hesitant to ask "about what?" to the obviously relieved Valletta and the villagers so he just let it pass.

“Right right, we have 7 bags of rice left, so after everyone finished eating I’ll teach everyone how to make porridge and share the dried plums and salt with everyone. I’ll be getting more rice and salt from my country so you don’t have to worry about food anymore.”

“Probably one can of plums per house will be alright”, Kazura thought, and as he was doing so, Valletta whispered at him “…. thank you very much Greiciore-sama” in a low voice so that he didn’t hear. «TN: Gureishiooru»

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Chapter 6 : Fortunate Rain

Translated by larvyde

The needle on Kazura’s wristwatch is pointing to 1 o’clock when the emergency feeding finally ended, and the villagers were divided into those who were helping with the cleanup and those who were helping sort through the rice and salt.
While the villagers were working in relative peace, Kazura put forward a proposal to the village chief and Valletta.

“A rain prayer?”

“Yes, I was thinking of making an aque… a course where water can flow from the river, but while we’re doing that the fields won’t be getting any water. We can pick up water from the river with buckets but the fields are too large for that. So, I thought about trying to make it rain.”

Valletta and the village chief showed a slightly disturbed expression at Kazura’s proposal.

“Um, we’ve raised offerings and prayed for rain to Suipsior-sama but Suipsior-sama did not see it fit to send us rain. Um… would it still be alright despite this?” «TN: Suipushiooru»

“Eh? I don’t mind at all? It’s an old method but I know of a way to pray for rain.”

Kazura took Valletta's "Will it be alright" to mean "Even if we do it right nothing may come of it, is it still alright though?".
In reality, this explanation and Valletta's actual thoughts are as different as heaven and earth.

"Is that so…… If so then I'm sorry but please do. Is there anything we can do to help?"

"Yeah, the method I know of requires a large amount of firewood or anything that burns. I'll need at least 2-3 houses' worth of wood, can you prepare it?"

Valletta and the chief thought a little while hearing Kazura's request, then they looked at each other and nodded.

"A while ago there were some houses that became abandoned. If we tear down those I think we could probably get enough wood."

"Is that so…… I see. I'll request help to tear down the houses from the villagers, as well."

By 'house that became abandoned', she probably meant a house where the owners all died in the last war or the current famine.
He felt like he couldn't bring himself to tear the house down, but this is for the village as well.

"Is there any place where we can light a fire and not have the sparks flying about hitting the surroundings?"

"If it's something like that then please use my field in the middle of the village. It hasn't gotten any maintenance lately and the crops are all already spoiled, so it won't matter if you make a fire there."

With this, everything is settled and they set out to do a real rain prayer.
Of course, it's not a simple prayer to the gods, Kazura has a scientific basis for it.
Dust would ride up on the updraft created by the burning material, destabilizing the atmosphere and causing rain to fall.
This is the basis behind incidents where rain would fall after a big fire.
Kazura heard stories where during the Second World War, the same thing

happens on fronts where the Japanese Army was stationed and rain fell, so he thought it could also happen here.
There were a few light clouds in the sky, not a hopeless situation where the sky is a clear blue, so Kazura thought the possibility is there.

Four hours afterwards.
All the villagers tore down the empty house together,
There were no trees or buildings around the house, so they didn't have to worry about anything catching a spark and getting set aflame.

"Well then, lets do the rain prayer now. Though it's really just lighting a fire and waiting for the rain to come down, so if a just few people would stand watch the others can go back home."

As he said that, Kazura took out a lighter from his pocket and lit a piece of straw.
There was a small commotion when he lit up the straw but somehow murmurs like "As expected from Kazura-sama" were heard.
He thought, *why are they adding -sama to my name*, but for now he pretended to not have heard it.

Once it was lit, the straw and the wood immediately combusted, burning up like a giant fireball.
The surrounding people withdrew a field's worth of distance because of the strength of the fire and sat down wherever they pleased, watching the fire.
Kazura drew back from the fire and sat down at a decent spot.

"…… I irresponsibly said I would make the rain come, but I wonder if it really would? It's not like this would definitely make it rain even though there were stories of it bringing rain."

It's already too late, but Kazura was starting to regret that he said "I'll bring you rain" so full of confidence.
He was probably getting a little full of himself after having come to this world, seeing the astounding effect of the Lipo-D, and seeing the happy faces of the villagers after the emergency feeding.
It looks like he was going to embarrass himself if he didn't realize.
…… It might already be too late.

“Kazura-san.”

Behind Kazura, who was sweating profusely, came Valetta’s voice.

“Can I sit next to you?”

“Please, be my guest,” Kazura answered Valletta’s inquiry.

“Thank you very much.”

Valletta thanked Kazura and sat down next to him, silently watching the crackling, rising flames.
From her gentle expression, one can see no shred of doubt that rain would soon fall.
Giving a sidelong glance at Valletta looking like that, Kazura became increasingly regretful.

“Aww crap, I’ve made a vague promise without any proper backing, didn’t I.”

But even as he regretted it, he prayed in his heart as he watched the smoke rise into the sky, saying “Please, rain fall down, please.”

“Kazura-san.”

“Yes?”

As Kazura was looking up the sky, praying from his heart, Valletta, still as she gazed into the flames, started conversing with him.

“Kazura san, why did you come to our village?”

“If you ask why……. then it’s because you happen to be near my home, I guess.”

With his head fully occupied with thinking about the rain, Kazura gave a thoughtless answer. Valletta looked towards him for a while and smiled.

“Is that so. But even though you only came to us by chance, you have saved a lot of people. I really thank you for this.”

“Eh? Ah, no no, I’m glad to be of service…. ah, damn.”

Speaking up to that point, Kazura noticed his big slip of the tongue regarding the details of him coming here.
Well truthfully, after explaining to the first people he met “I lost my way and arrived in this village”, his explanations to Valletta has been totally incoherent, so he rather felt that it was too late.
Though he did slip out that his home is nearby, his flimsy lie had been exposed to begin with, so really, it doesn’t matter anymore.

He was of course on guard because he thought he might get questions like “Nearby? Where?”, but Valletta did not question anything in particular, so he once again went back to watching the fire.
Watching Valletta from the side, Kazura felt the impulse to ask her, “Aren’t you going to ask anything?”, but since she kindly didn’t inquire about it he avoided stirring that hornet’s nest.
In return, he decided he should talk to Valletta about the result of the rain prayer.

“Um, Valletta-san.”

“Yes?”

Valletta who turned to Kazura hearing him call her, no longer had the shadow of weariness in her face, perhaps because of the Lipo-D she drank this morning or the porridge she had for lunch. Her expression looked full of vim and vigor.
Her face, lit up by the red flames, made a captivating scene as seen through Kazura’s eyes.
Charmed, Kazura spontaneously thought, “Aah, this girl’s really a beauty,” but as Valetta tilted her head in doubt, he began to speak the main issue in a fluster.

“I really should’ve said this before we began the rain prayer, but even though it’s true this method has a high chance of making rain fall, it’s by no means certain. So therefore, in case that rain really didn’t fall……. I apologize in advance.”

As Kazura apologetically said as much, Valletta showed a slightly surprised expression, but then put on a wide smile.

“As the legends would have it, Suipsior-sama is a fickle character, so it’s all right. Everyone in the village understand that much.”

“Suipsior-sama?…… umm, a water god, right?”

“That’s right. But if even Kazura-san’s petition might not work, then Suipsior-sama is a really moody one, huh.”

When Valletta said that and let out a chuckle, it was Kazura’s turn to tilt his head in doubt.
The name Suipsior came out when he was discussing the rain prayer with Valletta and the chief, it seems it was the name of a water god.
However, what does she mean by “even if Kazura-san’s petition.”

“Umm, what do you…… hm?”

As Kazura was about to ask what she meant, something lightly fell on Kazura’s cheek.
Surprised, he looked to the sky, and there were black clouds making their appearance right out of nowhere.
Then after several seconds, large drops of rain poured down as far as the eye can see.

“R, rain! It’s raining!”

“Amazing! That’s Kazura-sama!”

In the violent pouring rain like a summer evening shower, the villagers one by one extolled praises to Kazura.
In the middle of the heavy pouring rain, Kazura murmured, “It really came down……”, as he was dumbfoundedly looking up at the weeping sky.

Next to him, Valletta said, “Really, a fickle one,” as she looked up to the sky together with him.

Later.

Having personally experienced rain coming down after a conflagration, Kazura reported the situation of the residence (besides the alternate world

boundary) to his father on the phone with some dramatization once he got back to Japan.

“By the way, there was a fire near the house the other day, then rain came down right afterwards. So it’s really true that rain comes down after a fire, huh.”

His reply:

“Well that’s just a coincidence, isn’t it. Wasn’t there a bushfire in America and rain didn’t come for several days and made the fire even bigger. Even if it wasn’t a coincidence, it must’ve been some atmospheric instability making rain clouds form.”

Kazura’s hand involuntarily shivered so strongly it made him drop the phone.

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Chapter 7 : Waterwheel and Canned Peaches

Translated by larvyde

“Oooh, such a clean river. It’s the first time I’ve seen a river this clean.”

“Is that so? I thought it’s pretty normal for a river…”

The morning on the day after rain fell on the village.
Kazura and Valletta arrived at the river where the villagers would draw water from.
The road to the river was all flat ground, the earth was dry and cracked, looking like a wasteland.
The riverbanks were overgrown with short grass, but there were no tall trees or grasses.
The river was over 5 meters wide, and the water was so clear it was unthinkable for modern Japan, it was very beautiful.
As for the depth, it was probably about a meter deep on its deepest part.

“A few months back it was wider and there was a lot more water, but because of the drought it had grown considerably small.”

“I see…. but even though it’s good that you have a river within walking distance from the village, it’s still a tough distance to be carrying water several times back and forth.”

Since it takes 30 minutes to get to here from the village, the round trip carrying water would take over one hour.
In that case they should’ve brought water in from the river instead, but the surface of the river is low so it can’t be done.
Even if they wanted to draw water from upstream, the river swerves away from the village, there are also hills and other hindrances on the way, and they don’t have the help of decent tools, so they were not able to make a waterway.

“Should I bring in a fire brigade water pump……, but well…”

He needs to bring the water into the village some way or another, but it’s a next to impossible task with only the tools available in the village.
Right then he thought about bringing a gasoline engine from Japan but doing that would be too much of an overtechnology.
It’s a different matter if somebody might die unless he brought in water, but thanks to the rain yesterday the reservoir is half full with water, so they will be fine for a short while.
Kazura thought, if possible he wanted to break current deadlock with tools that people in this world were able to make with their technology.
For that reason, he thought he will do the best thing for the future of the village and for himself.

“Valletta-san, have you ever heard of a waterwheel?”

“Water wheel…. I’ve never heard of it. What kind of thing is it?”

“Umm, you see. It’s a tool where you put a large wooden wheel vertically on the river, and the wheel would turn by the power of the river’s flow.”

“Hmm…. I’ve never seen or heard of anything like that.”

I used a loose stone to draw on the ground and explain to Valletta, but it looks like she really haven’t seen anything like it.
I thought that if she has seen it, then there must be an engineer in this

world who can make it, then we can go and request one from that person, but it seems impossible at this point in time."

"Is that so…… in that case, we can only make a waterwheel ourselves…… that's too much, right. It's not something an amateur could easily make."

He thought for a moment he might somehow be able to make a waterwheel with the villagers' help, but he immediately stopped that line of thought.
Making a waterway out of wood planks joined together aside, they couldn't possibly build the plans for such a precise equipment as a waterwheel.
Kazura *has* seen a waterwheel before, but making one is another matter entirely.
The world of engineering is not an easy one where an amateur could just make a waterwheel without the know-how.

"U, um, if it's too difficult we'll manage something somehow…"

Valletta reservedly called out to Kazura, who was making a difficult face as he was thinking.
But it was because they didn't do anything that the village became that sorry mess.

Looking at Valletta's uneasy face, Kazura said "It's okay", and smiled.

"Let's bring a waterwheel from my country. We should hurry up and……"

Kazura said as much, but immediately remembered and took out a can of peaches (locally produced) from the bag he was holding.

"Ah, canned peaches, is it?"

"Yes, I already brought it here, so let's go back after eating some river-cooled peaches."

Kazura went as far as the riverbank, and put the peach can in the water.
He surrounded it with rocks so it wouldn't float away.
The water flowing from the mountains seen from the distance was cold, at this temperature they could soon eat some cold peaches.

"But, didn't we distribute all the canned peaches to the villagers yesterday?"

“That’s true, but actually I have one can left over. I brought it with me, thinking we could eat it out here.”

Of course, one can had already been given to Valletta’s house, but out of Kazura’s own “since we already have one left over, it’s better to eat delicious things with a pretty girl” idea, he decided to take Valletta out to eat with the two of them instead of breakfast.
Sorry, chief.

“Which reminds me, wouldn’t you be able to settle the matter of water if you moved the village closer to the river?”

Gazing at the river while waiting for the peaches to cool, Kazura worded the question that’s been bothering him.
He feels it was inconvenient living in a place where you need to go some distance to get to the river for water every time there was a drought.

“That’s right, isn’t in. But even though it’s fine in times where we get little rain like now, during rainy periods the river would often overflow and become dangerous.”

“I see,” agreed Kazura to Valletta who came over and sat next to him.
There was too little rain this season so it became a drought, but next season when there’s lots of rain the river would flood, such an inconvenient land it is.

“That, and since we can’t live elsewhere other than the place Narson-sama designated for us, we can do but live where we are now.”

He’s heard the name several times now, but now that he heard the name Narson again, he can’t help but ask what kind of person this *Narson* is.

“This ‘Narson’ person, is he some kind of Lord who governs the place around here?”

Yes, he is a noble entrusted with the governing of these lands by the Royal Family. He’s the brave and honorable patriarch of the Estelle house, he seems to have played a big part in the last war.” «TN: Isuteeru»

“(*Ooh, so there are nobles and royals. Which means there might be large castles and knight orders.*)”

As Kazura started to get delusional over the words ‘royalty’ and ‘noble’ that are only heard in Japan in only a select few news bits…

“What’s wrong?” asked Valletta, peering into Kazura’s face.
Her face got *really* close, making him bashful.

“Ah, no, it’s nothing. Then does the village have to pay taxes in produce or something to this governor?”

“Yes, we had to pay a specific amount of produce at the specified time. We had a pretty nasty drought this time so there’s almost no produce we can pay taxes with… It’s about time for Narson-sama’s man to come have a look soon.”

“And if you don’t have the produce to pay as taxes, are there any penalties?”

“There is. Households that don’t pay their taxes get their property seized.”

“That’s how it is,” Kazura nodded to Valletta’s answer.
Be negligent in your duties and the punishment comes.

“Umm, even during disasters like this time, will there be property seizure?”

Yes, that was the problem.
It’s not a big deal if punishment was given out when taxes weren’t paid during normal times, but a Lord that does the same during a crisis is either an idiot that thinks of nothing or a fiend.
If this Lord Narson person is an idiot or a fiend, then he’s likely to become a big problem.

“That seems to vary depending on the territory. Narson-sama would look over the extent of the damage and recalculate the amount of produce that needs to be paid. During the crop failure three years ago, he allowed us to cut trees in the forest and pay in wood instead of produce.”

She said so to Kazura’s relief.
This Lord Narson seem to be a lord that governs with the village in mind, so he probably won’t ask payment in produce during a severe time like this.
If they need to pay wood then metal-headed axes could be brought in to

somehow take care of the lack of manpower, or chainsaws if need be, if all else fails he could even just buy timber in Japan and pay *that*.

“But I heard that Diaz-sama who governs the neighboring territory would relentlessly punish even if the crops can’t be harvested because of a disasiter. Rumor has it that he sells young men to slavers and takes good-looking young women as his attendants until he grew tired of them and then sells them to slavers.” «TN: Daiasu, asu!»

“Eeh… they don’t get revolts after doing that so much… doesn’t the royal family say anything about it?”

He was just like an evil noble out of a game or manga.
I’m sure he looks like a rotund creature with lots of fat and wearing extravagant rings or such, so Kazura arbitrarily imagined.

“That may be the case, but Diaz-sama is an excellent trader, he would always present a considerable sum of tribute to the Royal Family, so it looks like they say nothing. That, and they have quite a large private army, so rebellions are a bit out of the question.”

In short, he’s ruthless as a human being but as a noble he earns lots of money.
Then he noticed that after finally getting to eat canned peaches by a nice clear river with a pretty girl, he picked a rather negative topic for conversation.

“Well then, the canned peaches should be about cold now. Let’s eat.”

“Ah, yes. Looks like it.”

The atmosphere had become somewhat uncomfortable but it should clear up after eating some peaches.
Kazura took out the canned peaches from the river, pulled the tab to open the can, took a plastic fork from his bag, and returned to Valletta with the open can.

“Have half first, please.”

“Eh? But, I can’t possibly eat before Kazura-san…”

“It’s alright, eat already,” he said to the nervous Valletta with the canned peaches in hand, urging her to start eating.
“Thank you,” Valletta thanked him even as she was feeling hesitant. She pricked a peach using the fork and took a mouthful.

“!?”

“How is it? It’s rather good, isn’t it?”

Valletta was surprised by the peach in her mouth and nodded fiercely to Kazura’s question.

“It’s really sweet! It’s the first time I’ve had anything so sweet and tasty!”

“That’s a relief. As for my portion, I’m good already so you can eat all of it.”

Fruits certainly exist in this world, but ones that were selectively bred for their good taste probably doesn’t.
Looking at Valletta’s deeply moved expression, Kazura wanted her to have all the canned peaches.

“Eh, but I can’t…”

As she said so, Kazura spontaneously burst into a laugh seeing her looking alternately at him and the canned peaches in her hand.

“Well, it’s a reward for Valletta-san who’s been working hard until now. Go ahead, eat up,” said Kazura.

“Umm… then, thank you for the meal.”

She turned red bashfully and happily gulped down the peaches.

After having his fill watching Valletta eat the peaches, Kazura went back to the village and immediately left for Japan saying “I’m going to make preparations for the waterwheel”. He looked up the internet on his cellphone for waterwheel contractors, and went directly to the firm to make his order.

“Umm, water-pumping waterwheel, right. With the size you designated and the grade fitted with custom-made water pumping accessories, it will be 20 days to delivery and cost 3 million yen.”

As the kindly director with whitening hair laid out the product catalogue he explained its features and production period.
The waterwheels laid down on the catalogue were all very tasteful and would match the scenery of the countryside.

“There are certain circumstances that requires one as quick as possible. I don’t mind the costs, so can you make it within one week? I’ll do the assembly on my own, so I’d like it to be delivered in parts.”

“O, one week? Well that would be a bit … We don’t have so many workers so no matter how much we hurry, 15 days is our limit.”

“Can you do something somehow? I’ll pay 5 million in advance, and 5 million on delivery, so can you please figure something out? I’ll take care of the transportation fees too.”

Being presented with an astounding amount of 10 million yen, over triple the usual rate, the director made an astonished face.

“C, can you please wait just a minute!? I’ll return soon!”

He excused himself from Kazura and took out his cell phone as he left the reception office.
Kazura sipped on the tea that had been brought out, thinking “maybe one week is impossible after all”, and waited while perusing the catalogue for ten minutes, then the director came back with a smile on his face.

“Shino-san, it looks possible to deliver the goods within one week. With the amount of money you presented we can deliver it without a drop in quality.”

“Eh, really?”

“Yes, I asked an acquaintance’s engineering firm for help, so we can somehow manage.”

Hearing his answer, Kazura immediately took out a checkbook from his breast pocket, he wrote down the amount of money he mentioned and

handed it over to the director.
He was slightly moved, being able to write down a large amount of money on a checkbook and nonchalantly hand it over, fulfilling a dream of many commoners.

“Thank you very much, then one week from now I will deliver the goods to the address you specified.”

“Yes, please. As for the transport fees, bill me together with the delivery.”

The director looked at Kazura who left with those words, and muttered, “So there are people with so much power even in this recession.”

“Umm, 30 hatchets, 20 saws, 60 grass sickles, hoes, pitchforks, shovels, and pickaxes…. are you leading a reclamation project?” «TN: Four-toothed hoes, rather than pitchforks, actually.»

“Ah—, something like that. I’ll pay by card, please.”

After leaving the engineering firm, Kazura bought a mass of farming tools at a hardware store.
The farming tools used by the villagers are all made of wood, very inefficient and tiring to use, so he thought he would give them a present.
That mass of tools can’t be carried in one go, so he asked the store employee for help making several rounds to bring them to his car.
But as a matter of course, that many tools cannot fit in his car, so in the end he borrowed a truck and made two trips from the hardware store to his house.

Because of the impressive display, that store’s employees gave Kazura the nickname “Reclamation Group Head”, but he was completely unaware of that.

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INTERMEZZO
Name Difference between Larvyde and Yuukuri Oniisan version:
Roselou (Larvyde) → Lodurr (YukkuriOniisan)

Naruson/Narson (Larvyde) → Nelson (YukkuriOniisan)
Koltz (Larvyde) → Colts (YukkuriOniisan)
Greiciore (Larvyde) → Graysior (YukkuriOniisan)

Chapter 8 : The Best Reward

「Kazura-sama, is this board's thickness okay?」

「Let's me see, I think it is all right. Also, why do you call me with '-sama'?」

One day after ordering the watermill .
Amidst the sound of saw cutting down the tree and the villager's chatters,
Kazura directs the villager into building an aqueduct from wooden boards.
It will channel the water from the waterwheel-powered water pump.
Near the forest entrance in the outskirt of the village, Kazura and
the villagers work with the trees that they had felled.

「I understand. Then, the next 60 board will have the same thickness as this one.」

The young men of the village are confirming the board thickness with
Kazura, and then start to be immersed in their work with serious expression.

Even if Kazura complain 「Will the next one will be perfect?」, he still gives direction to villagers who inquire him.

「Kazura-sama, is this support pillar's thickness and length fine?」

「Hmm, the thickness is fine but the length is a bit too long, please make it about this long. And also please stop adding '–sama'.」

「I understand, so it is about this long. I will tell the others.」

The villager drags away the support pillar which had been measured with a meter and marked with permanent marker. Then that same villager comes back once again while dragging the support behind him.

「Eh? What is this? Bullying? This is bullying right?」

「Kazura-san, I want to tell you that a lunch had been prepared... Is something wrong?」

Kazura was cursing while reviewing the waterwheel blueprint he drew in A4-sized notebook. Valetta and several village girls then arrived and brought the newly cooked porridge in several pots using the pullcart.

「Everyone in the village address me with –sama honorofics. Please do something about it.」

「Aa..... Everybody wants to say their gratitude to Kazura-san which they hold in high esteem. Please humbly receive it.」

「Eeh....」

Not accustomed being addressed with honorifics, Kazura frankly show his displeased expression.
So, Valetta said,

「Well, isn't it fine? Leaving that aside, it's time to eat so can you take a break from your work?」

Well, being addressed with honorifics is not something bad, so about being addressed with –sama honorifics, he decides to not let it bother him.

「I see, It’s the time right? I understand, let’s take a break ..... Everyone, the food has arrived so please gather to eat your share! We will continue after we finish the meal.」

Kazura called the villagers, from here and there they reply with acknowledgement.
This is a good time to stop, also several villagers is watching the work place, so there might not be any problems.

「Please wash your hand using this. I will bring the porridge now.」

Valetta put a bucket in front of Kazura, from the pot in Pullcart the porridge is scooped into a bowl.
The other girls are also carrying buckets around and distributing bowl of porridge and the cup fwater from the wooden tray to the gathered villager.

「Yes, sorry for the wait. Now then, please distribute it to the others.」

「A, Valetta! Leave this place to us. You just go and eat together with Kazura-sama!」

While distributing food to the queuing villagers, a girl said so to the Valetta who was standing behind the pullcart.

「E, but....」

Valetta steal glance to Kazura’s direction and become perplexed.
The food for Kazura had been placed in a different tray, ready to be delivered.

「It’s okay, it’s okay, Leave it to me.」

While saying that, the girl hand over tray with the food to Valetta, before going back to her work.

「Errr... May I sit beside you?」

With a small smile, Valetta asks while putting down the tray she carried.

「Sure, be my guest.」

So she sits beside Kazura.
For Kazura, except for Valetta and the village chief, he seldom engages in conversation with the villagers. So when Valetta come his mind felt more at ease.
Kazura isn't shy or afraid of strangers, however because the villagers always show respect to Kazura, he somehow becomes reserved about it.
Now that they are building the aqueduct together, Kazura can actively give instructions and participates in conversations. Thanks to all of this, his mental condition somewhat improved.

「What about the people who work in the fields? Are the tools I gave useful?」

「Yes, it's easy to use and very popular. I am also a little surprised when I used it, I never imagined that I will be able to dig up the earth that easily.」

A large amount of farming tools had been bought at the home-center and this morning it had been delivered to Valetta house using the pullcart.
Because Kazura is busy with manufacturing parts of the aqueducts, the distribution of farming tools is left to village chief discretion.
By the way, because the village chief said that he will distribute it as immediately, the villager had used the new farming tools in working the fields.
As a side note, as he was very tired last night, after he ate his dinner at a restaurant, he stayed at a business hotel and slept deeply.

「Uh-huh... I glad that it’s useful.」

While saying this, Kazura ceremoniously pulled off the lid of a can that had 「Broiled Mackerel」 written on the side. A pleasant appetite stimulating scent is emanating from the inside of the can.
Canned food is a food that is universally accepted by people, but the reason Kazura pick canned food is that it's his favorite dish.
The content can be heated with hot water, if it was perfectly performed, the can could be heated properly.

「Wow... What a nice scent. It looks delicious.」

Valetta also opens a can. She is smiling broadly because of the scent.
「Its scent is nice」 or 「This is delicious!」, these words can be heard from their surroundings.

「This is a kind of fish that is called Mackerel (Pacific Saury) that was cooked by broiling it in sauce. It’s quite tasty, you know.」

「This is fish? Although sometime we eat fish that we catch from the river, we never cook it like this.」

The river where they caught the fishes, is it the same river that they went to yesterday?
Even if this is a different world, did they also fishing with fishhook, net, and the likes? He become a little curious and decide to hear about it.

「Ano, when you go fishing at the river, do you use fishing rod?」

「Though it also can be used for fishing, it is time consuming. So, when the river had stopped flooding, it will leave puddle of water inland. The fishes that was trapped in the leftover puddles will be caught and cooked by roasting it in fire.」

「Aa... I see. That way is more efficient」

While the two is peacefully eating while conversing with each other, every villager comes to the pullcart to ask for seconds of porridge. While they do that they always send their gratitude to Kazura that sits beside the pullcart.

「Now, shall we call an end for today? Let’s continue tomorrow.」

The sun in the sky is already descending behind the faraway mountain peaks. The sky is dyed with sunset's color.
The daytime will be over in about 2 hours, so today share of work is done.
Listening to Kazura call to end the work, the villagers acknowledged it one by one.
The tools that the villagers used to work are saw, bronze cutter and wooden hammer, that belongs to the village, so it will be collected by Kazura and Valetta to be stored.

「Leave the collecting and storing the tools to us? Kazura-sama and Valetta-san should be the ones who go home first.」

So the villagers said.
Although they were a bit reluctant, the pair of Kazura and Valetta had been work without rest, so they ask them to return early as a sign of gratitude.

「Let's accept their humble request.」

「Ah, yes. Then shall we return?」

Kazura and Valetta give their thanks to the villagers who decide to tidy up the tools, before walking to Valetta's home.
When they start walking, Kazura glimpses a scene of villagers clasping their hand as if praying to him. He decides that it is just his imagination.

On the way back, Kazura hear Valetta's story about fish dishes in the village and the crops that the village produced until now.
Kazura sees Valetta's profile who happily talks about the village. Her previously skin and bones body had become fleshier. Her nutrition condition had greatly improved in the last 4 days.
Maybe, the effect of being released from her previous depressed mental condition is large.

「(However, is it normal in here for someone to recover quickly like this?)」

He doesn't really know in detail about how fast people recover in a state of starvation. Maybe because they are in a state of starvation for a long time, the cells in the body completely absorb the entire nutrient that it receives.
Though he really don't understand how dozens of half-dead people can be restored by Lipo-D. He doesn't possibly know, so he just let it slide.

He ponders about these things while looking at Valetta face.

「A, Ano Kazura-san, is something wrong?」

Valetta halts her steps. With a blush appearing on her cheek, she looks at Kazura with upturned eyes.
(TL: Just imagine "kininarimasu"-scene from Hyouka...)
It seems that he looked at Valetta for too long.

「N, No..... I just think that lately Valetta-san become more healthy.」

Valetta had a puzzled look for a moment after hearing Kazura words.
Then she replied,

「Yes. It's all thanks to Kazura-san.」

The blushing girl in front of him is showing him her smile that comes from happiness in her heart.
To that beautiful smile, this time it's the turn for Kazura to blush. To be able to see her smile like this, somehow a sense of happiness is spreading in his heart.

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Chapter 9: Noria and Marathon

It was at the noon on the 6th day after the manufacturing of aqueduct parts began.
Kazura was at his mansion in Japan to receive the waterwheel that was delivered by the director and his employees.

「Waa, the size of the parts are quite big. It seems it will be difficult to transport it.」

「That's true, however the parts' weigh is about 40 kg, so I believe that it is possible for one person to transport it.」

The waterwheel parts that loaded on the truck in front of him are mostly made from wood, while some clasp are made from metal.

Although the big parts size can barely fit on the pullcart, it seems that there would be no problem in transporting it.

「Do you mind to unload the heavier parts on the pullcart that was parked at the foyer? Afterwards, I will carry the lighter parts to the house by myself.

Once we finish with the loading, it's just bringing them home, unloading, and done.」

「What? There a pullcart inside the house?」

「Yes, that’s right. Is it okay if the remainder payment is done with cheque? How much is the transportation fee?」

Although the director become confused when heard about the foyer, when he received the cheque his expression become bright while saying, 「Thank you very much」.

「Hey, transport the support brace!」

He called the employees to start unloading the parts at the pullcart inside the house.

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「Really, what a size. If not because of the pullcart, I absolutely wouldn’t be able to carry these.」

While pulling the pullcart that half-filled with waterwheel parts, Kazura crossed the border to other world.
He comes out from the usual tree copse and the familiar village scenery could be seen.
Not far from the village are the fields. More than 10 villagers are working on it using the farming tools that Kazura had provided.

「Now then, I still need to return after reaching the house, I can't transport all the parts at the same time.」

After this, I need to buy another pullcart. While thinking about this, Kazura began to pull the pushcart toward village chief's house. The villagers who tended the fields cease their work when they saw Kazura.

「Aaaa, Are those the parts for the thing called waterwheel? Are you transporting it to Chief's house?」

「Yes. But half of the parts are still in my country, so after putting this in the house I need to go back to pick it up.」

「This is only half? So, its size is really big.」

While talking about these things, the villagers and Kazura pulled the pull cart together toward Valetta's house.
While pulling the pull cart, the villagers were chatting with each other.
Kazura didn't understand why nobody asked about where the country that Kazura will go back to is.

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「Welcome back, Kazura-san!」

When Kazura and the others arrived at the house's front yard, Valetta immediately came out from the house.
To immediately come out when they arrived, it seems that she was on standby for this moment.

「I'm back. This is the waterwheel's parts, but the remaining half is still at my country. So after unloading this, I will return to get them.」

「I understand. Then we will help unload it.」

Lowering the pull cart to the front, the villagers cooperated in unloading the parts.
Although the parts quantity is quite a lot, as expected, with the help of more than 10 people they finished unloading the parts in several minutes.

「There, done. I need to go back to my country and fetch the remaining parts. We will start assembling the waterwheel in the river when all parts have arrived, so please gather everyone, Valetta-san.」

「I understand. Shall I also called father?」

「Ah, it's only assembling waterwheel, the remaining villagers here only need to help transporting the parts to the river. If in the meantime the waterwheel assembling isn't finished, then I will ask for as much help as it is necessary.」

For several days before, the village chief had been asked by Kazura to direct the villagers in digging aqueduct from the river to the village.
The majority of villagers are participated in building it, so the aqueduct will turned out splendidly. If the aqueduct isn't finished then there is no meaning to install the waterwheel-powered pump.
Because the aqueduct had been scheduled to be completed around this time, even if it still isn't finished, then with a little time and help, they can completed it on time.

「Then, see you later. Everyone can take a break until I return.」

Kazura said that to everyone and once again he pulls the pullcart toward the passage in the inside of the tree copse.

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After collecting the remaining parts that had been left in Japan, Kazura once again returned to the village. The waiting villagers then took the lighter parts, buckets, and the likes, not forgetting the pullcart, to the river, Near the village's exit, they found the village chief and others digging the aqueduct. It appears that their work progress is just as planned.
Incidentally, Valleta was waiting near the opening of tree copse where Kazura going, so she helped with pulling the pullcart.

「Ow, it looks like that you almost completed it.」

「Yes, the only job left is to dig the aqueduct from this place to the reservoir.
It thanks to these tools called “Shovels”, it was possible to dig easily.」

The village chief stops digging the aqueduct while smiling to Kazura, who was pulling the pullcart.
The other villagers are also stop to greet Kazura before continuing their work.

「We had finished digging the water aqueduct in upstream and downstream. According to what Kazura-sama had said, we also built deep channel at the riverside on upstream.」

While listening to the brief report about the work progress from Village chief, it was about the second aqueduct in Kazura plan.
The depth is about 30 cm, the dug wall will be hardened by striking it numerous time. As long as water can flows it will be okay.

Afterward it can be reinforced with stone if necessary.

The water aqueduct will connect the upstream to the reservoir in the village, but before the aqueduct enters the village it is diverted into two branches. The first aqueduct branch goes toward reservoir in the village, the second aqueduct branch goes toward the river downstream. By installing a wood water gate between the meetings of these two aqueduct, it's possible to reroute accumulated water from reservoir back to the river.
When the reservoir in the village had been filled with water, the water gate will be closed. Then the water drawn by waterwheel upstream will flow to downstream, so the reservoir overflow can be prevented.
By this, the villagers will always have clear water for cooking and drinking, while the water accumulated in the reservoir can be used for irrigating the fields.

「Then we will assembling the waterwheel in the upstream. When Valin-san and others had completed the aqueduct please bring the wood aqueduct that we had built the other day to the river.」

「Acknowledged. To join you soon, we will finish our work quickly.」

Kazura left Village chief and others to do their work. Once again he pulls the pull cart towards the river upstream following the aqueduct.

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Kazura and the others arrived at the river. This is the place that he means when he talk to village chief about meeting at the river. It is a channel that was separated 3 meter away from the river. With a length of several meters, it had been reinforced with wood boards.
It is dug quite deep to let the river water exert sufficient power and the width is also adequate.
Kazura and the villagers split themselves into groups that consists of several people. He also distributed several sheets of printed instructions

about assembling the parts. Then they started to work on their respective task.
The engineering firm director had also delivered a mostly illustrated assembling instruction. It was quite easy to understand the explanation of the steps in assembling the parts. Even though Valetta and the others could not read Japanese, they could recognize “A-1” or “B-1” number parts in the instructions, so somehow they were able to assemble it.

「Kazura-san, this is inserted here, then the part is connected to this, right?」

「Correct. Be careful with your finger when connecting the parts. Yes, use a wooden hammer. A, Lodurr –san, that part is not connected to that one, but to the part that had this symbol drawing.」

Kazura was checking the parts that the villagers assembled, measuring the width of the waterway, and confirming the location where the support pillar for the waterwheel will be put in place.

「Umm, is the support pillars supposed to be placed here and there? It won't be funny, if the support pillars collapsed because of the vibration. It is indispensable for the support pillar to be firmly rooted to the ground.」

He put a stone as a mark on the place where the support pillar will be erected. Then, Kazura’s and Valetta’s group started to assemble the waterwheel together.
About 1 hour and a half had passed since they began assembling. Their inexperienced work was about 80% finished. Now, everyone is taking a break and drinking water from the river. Then, the village chief and the others arrived while carrying the wood aqueduct and its supports.
Beside the villagers that were building the aqueduct; the mothers and their infants, children and elderly also came.
Everyone in the village apparently came.
... ... maybe there is no one who stayed at home.

「Wow, it's amazing.」

「Ah, Father. Is the aqueduct finished?」

「Uh huh, the only thing left to do is to connect the waterwheel with the wood aqueduct.」

Despite the heavy workload, because the village chief and the villagers had been tempered by their daily works in the fields, no one had tired looks. Instead, because they didn't familiar with their works, it were Kazura and his groups that look tired.
In any case, the aqueduct had been finished, so the waterwheel also had to be finished soon.

「Sorry, the waterwheel's assembling hasn't been finished. But it will get finished soon, so can you dig a hole here for the waterwheel support pillar? Also, please install the wood aqueduct that will send the water to the aqueduct.」

「Yes, I understand. Everyone, even if the work is difficult, do your best in assembling the waterwheel. If this is finished then our village won't need to be troubled by the water shortage anymore.」

The village chief addressed the villagers who were taking break.
「All right! Let's do it!」
The villagers were shouting loud and start to resume assembling the waterwheel.
Kazura gave the tape measure to village chief so he could measure the depth of the hole. Then, together with Valetta, he started to assemble the waterwheel.

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「Good, it’s finished!」

「The installation of the support pillars for the waterwheel is also finished.

Then we just need to insert this metal support in here and here, right?」

「Yes, and while you insert it, please treadled it numerous times to harden

it, tightly fixed it in place, please.」

20 minutes had passed since the work resumed.
The work is almost finished; the only step left is to install the waterwheel.
Kazura instructed the village chief to prepare the support pillar, so that it will be firmly fixed, the base need to be treadled many times.

「Good. Now, shall we finally connect the waterwheel to its support?

Everyone, please help lift the waterwheel.」

Hearing Kazura calls, the villagers that had come to watch simultaneously gathered to help lifting the waterwheel.
Because the waterwheel size was smaller than the number of attending villagers, most of the villagers could not help to lift the waterwheel since there were no room for them. Still, they try to help by cheering with their voice.

「Please place the waterwheel axle at the indentation in the support pillars.

The axle must not be too loaded, so put down both of them slowly.」

The axle was made from metal so it can't easily bend even if loaded too much. Still, it is better to be careful when placing the bearing.
The bearing is made from metal, so there is no need to worry about it wearing out.

「Well then, after installing the wood aqueduct that will receive the water, connect the channel to the river. Valin-san, can I ask you to do that?」

「Yes.」

Hearing Kazura instruction, the village chief gathered the villagers to install the aqueduct that will receive the water. Then, they dug connection between the channel with the river upstream and downstream with the shovels.
Because there are height difference between the downstream and the upstream, water from the river didn't enter the channel from there.
There is a need to ensure that the channel had some water depth, so there is a sill made of wood with the depth about 30 cm near the downstream.
Also, to not prevent erosion on the channel's wall, it had been reinforced using wooden boards.

「Don't connect the channel and the river yet... Hey, everyone! Gather, please! We will start operating the waterwheel!」

Hearing the village chief calls, the villagers who were resting at the riverside and the children who were playing in the distance, started to gather.
When the village chief confirmed that everyone had gathered, the dirt that separate the channel with the river was removed with shovel.
With the barrier removed, the water from river start to enter the channel at once.
Then, the waterwheel tympanums were pushed by the flowing water and the waterwheel began to turn little by little.

「Ah! It began to turn..... Amazing! To raise the water that high!」

Exclaimed Valleta who were standing beside Kazura when she see the bucket that attached to waterwheel tympanum bring water from river and put it at the higher wood aqueduct one after another.
The surroundings villagers also were shouting with joy and start chasing the flowing water at the wood aqueduct.

「Kazura-san, we also will run after it!」

[Wh...? Run? Running to the village from here? How far is it?... Wa... wait a moment! Don’t pull! Are you serious!?]

Kazura’s hand is forcefully dragged by Valetta. While seeing the back of the villagers who chasing after the water, the village chief was grumbling,

「Hey hey! They didn’t tidy the tools.」

Opposite to what he said, he was smiling with joy. While shaking his head, he put the shovels and hammers inside the pullcart.

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宝くじで40億当たったんだけど異世界に移住する1
すずの木くろ
Suzunoki Kuro
illust 黒獅子
Kurojishi

Chapter 10: Wasn’t a Lie

「Enough... Impossible... Dying...」

Kazura was pulled forcefully by Valetta, running until they reach village. At the village's entrance, near the location where the aqueduct branched into two, he was lying with arms and legs outstretched.

(TL: The original Japanese said, in the shape of 大 character. See the resemblance?)

Kazura succumbed while panting with nausea. Meanwhile, the village children who had an overwhelming energy were still pursuing the water and making a ruckus at the village reservoir.

「So... I am sorry Kazura-san. Are you all right?」

The Sparta Girl, Valetta who pulled Kazura forcefully to the village, was surprised when she saw Kazura collapsed. She quickly went back to the mansion to fetch a wooden cup She use it to collect the river water that flowed in the aqueduct and rushed to Kazura.

「Here, water. Please drink it slowly.」

「Th... Thenkye...」

Valetta raised Kazura upper body and supported him with her shoulder, then she brought the wooden cup to Kazura lips so he could drink. Looking at Kazura, who drank the water while gasping, she smile because of the difference from the usual Kazura.

「Fuu... I’m saved....? What’s wrong?」

Seeing Valetta smiling and chuckling, Kazura immediately corrected his posture and put his hand on the ground, while tilting his head.

「Fufu. It's nothing. Leaving that aside, let's return to the house and have lunch.」

Hearing what Valleta had said, Kazura supported his left hand on his knee while extending his right hand.

「A, It's time already? I see, I will also help prepare it.」

Valetta took Kazura's hand and helped him stand. Brushing the dirt and sand that stained their clothes, both of them started to walk toward the house.

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「I am really sorry. I completely forget to tidy up the tools and the pullcart.」

「No, not at all. It's okay. It's something that can be done by just one person.」

Kazura was helping Valetta prepare the table when he noticed that the village chief has returned with the pullcart packed with tools like shovels and the like. He hurriedly went outside and apologized to the village chief. The pullcart that was left behind could be moved by one person, but there was also numerous other tools and the leftover boards that the village chief had to bring back. It must be a considerably hard task.

「Kazura-san, Father, the meal is prepared.」

While Kazura apologized to village chief, Valetta had finished preparing the meal. She then called both of them from inside the house.
Those two people entered the house and smelled the drifted appetizing aroma that rose up from the steamy pot in the middle of the hearth at the living room.
Inside the pot, the potatoes that were gifted from the neighboring villagers' harvest, and the acorn-like nuts that Kazura and Valetta collected in the forest the other day, was finely mashed and cooked together with rice.
In addition to that, was the side dish, made from wild herbs that the two also collected in the mountain and Arcadian Bugs, stir fried with a sprinkle of salt, and then put in each person's plate.

「Oo, this look delicious. Did you catch these Arcadian Bugs?」

「Yes, but only six of them.」

Kazura saw the Arcadian Bugs that had been distributed equally, 2 for each plate. He was feeling relieved when seeing this large amount of food, and then took his usual seat.
He didn't disliked the taste of Arcadian Bug, but as that Beetle Larva shaped bug had the peculiarity taste of a caterpillar inside the mouth, it still caused a feeling that cannot be described.

When Valetta started to serve the rice meal to the two people, a knocking sound could be heard from the door.

「A, Let me see who is it. Father, I leave this to you.」

「Yes.」

Valetta hand over the ladle of the rice meal to village chief and went half running towards the front door.
When Kazura received the rice-meal from the village chief in his bowl, Valetta return in a panicked state.

「Father, it’s Nelson-sama’s messenger Isaac-san.....」

(TL: The word used is tsukai (使い), I had asked history stackexchange, let's see what they will said)

「Hm, is that so. Kazura-san, I’m sorry, please excuse me or a while.」

When village chief hear Valetta’s word, he put down the ladle and immediately went toward the house’s entrance.

「Nelson-sama..... Is he the noble that governs this land?」

「Yes, and his messenger has come..... Ano, I’m really sorry but, would you mind going to the inner room until I call again?」

Hearing Valetta’s sudden request, Kazura was confused for a moment. But, to the Valetta that request while apologizing he replied,

「A, yes, I understand.」

He left his seat and went to the inner room.
After Valetta made sure that Kazura had gone to the inner room, she put away the pot with rice-meal that was in the hearth, Kazura’s share of side-dish and bowl in a different room, before she returned to the entrance again.

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「I had expected that the village was also troubled by prolonged drought, but..... There is water in the reservoir also there was some kind of water channel, what had happened in here?」

「The water was accumulated in the reservoir because of the recent fortunate rain, while there was water remained, everyone cooperated in digging the water channel.」

When Valetta had arrived at the entrance, the young man in light leather armor – Isaac – was talking to village chief.
He held sheets of parchment and a cheap piece of charcoal in his hand, a long sword sheathed in his waist and a round shield that was reinforced with bronze in his back.
Isaac height was about 180 cm, his tense muscled body contained no useless fat.
His blond hair was cut short and his good-looking face was eye-catching. He could be called an attractive man.
Tied to a tree that was a little bit further away was his mount, an animal that resembled a horse.

「Is that so..... I see. Regarding the crops for tribute, is it possible to harvest it about 2 months from now?」

「Actually..... Before the rain, most of the crops had already withered. I don't believe the villagers will able to give the usual tribute of tenth parts. Would you want to tour the fields?」

Hearing the village chief apologetic words, Isaac expression become clouded as if he was going say 「as expected」.

「Yes, thank you. Actually, the situation at the other village was also the same. It was so bad that there were people starving..... But I'm glad to see that the condition in this place is not that bad. Do you had enough food to eat?」

Isaac said while looking at the surrounding fields.
In the numerous fields that surrounded the village, a lot of villagers were diligently working the fields, while the children play near them.
There is no pitiful scene of people starving to death that he could see.

「Yes, by gathering the wild herb in the mountain we can somehow stay alive and fed. Although we no longer worry about the water situation, we can't expect a harvest in 2 months. But I think that we can harvest the beans as usual in 4 months. Until then, we expect to start planting another quick growing plant for the village food needs.」

「I see, it nice to know it..... Oh yeah, something smell nice in there. Is that the meal?」

While Issac writing something in the parchment on his hand, his nose twitched because of drifting scent from inside the house.

「E? A, yes. It just cooked a moment ago. After this we will eat and.....」

「Fumu, Is it like that? Excuse me a little.」

Isaac said that and then pushed aside village chief and Valetta who was standing at the entrance. He entered the living room in a rude manner.
The village chief was still dazed by Isaac who enter without permission, while Valetta still had her composure.

Isaac, who arrived at the living room, take a look at the side dish of stir-fried wild herb and Arcadian Bug on the plate, said 'I see' and nodded.

「This is..... Arcadian Bug isn't it? This reminds me, it can be caught in the mountain around here.」

「Yes, not so many can be caught lately, but because it is nutritious, somehow, we can live with it.」

This is the first time Valetta spoke her words.
To the Valetta that forced her smile, Isaac who was showing his sympathy expression said, 「Is that so.....?」

「I'm sorry to enter the house without permission. Actually there is other villages that reported a small harvest. There also similar event that were coming into the light several days ago.....」

In short, because of the possibility of manipulating the harvest report so that the tribute could be decreased as much as possible, the Noble side was highly concerned about this, even more so in the time of famine like this.

「Such thing is..... We were grateful that Nelson-sama always worried our livelihood. For someone to betray him is.....」

Valetta said it as if it was a fact with a sorrowful countenance.

「I am sorry for suspecting you. Please don't take offense for it.」

Isaac apologized while slightly bowing.
The village chief panicked and replied to the bowing Isaac.

「No no, Isaac-san only performed his duties. Please lift your head.」

Hearing that, Isaac lifted his head and thanked Valetta and the village chief.

「Then, let’s start the touring of the village with haste. Valin-san, accompany me please.」

「I understand.」

Seeing that Isaac left the house with village chief accompanying him, Valetta breathed a little in relief and went to the room where Kazura was waiting.

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「Hmm... A noble’s messenger huh? I like to see what kind of appearance he has.」

Kazura was waiting in the inner room, just like what Valetta had requested, and was just obediently lying in the room.
Listening about the noble Nelson's messenger, he was interested in what kind of appearance he had but he can’t refuse Valetta’s request.
After all, even until this day, Kazura was wearing casual clothes from Japan, like the T-Shirt that had a large print of: 「HUNGRY!?」 he wore today. If that Nelson's messenger guy Isaac saw him, Kazura certainly would be considered a suspicious person.
Valetta also must be worried about this.

「Kazura-san, I’m sorry I kept you waiting. You can come out now.」

While indulging in pensive slouching, Valetta called Kazura.

「The Messenger had went home?」

「No, he is now touring the fields with father. So, until my father return then.....」

「A, it’s okay. I won’t make any sound...」

Kazura replied with a smile to the apologetic Valetta.
To Kazura’s smile, Valetta was also relieved and smiled back while thanking him.

「Then, shall we eat? Although I’m sorry for father, the food is tastier when it is warm.」

Because the village chief was still touring the fields and the village, he won’t be ale to come back for a while.

「Is that so, shall we eat then?」

Kazura said while getting himself up, and together with Valetta, went to the living room.

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At that time, Valin and Issac were touring the village and the fields.
The villagers that working at the field, stole a glance here and there at those two people. They ploughing the field with hoes, and manually uprooted the weeds that grew around the budding vegetables.
No one carried the new farming tools that Kazura had granted to them.

「Fumu, the sprout are growing well. Because he reservoir is full and thanks to the water channel's irrigation, the drought isn't influencing the crops too much.」

「Yes. It’s all thanks to everyone's hard works.」

Hearing village chief, Isaac traced the aqueduct with his eyes. To make this intricate water channel throgh the village, he can’t imagine how much hardship that the villagers endured while building it. A deep respect burst out from his heart.
The resident of this village was less than 100 people, so the number of people who can be assigned to dig the water channel was an even smaller. When he saw the situation of food, practically nonexistent, in the village chief house, he couldn't imagine how this level of public engineering works was possible.

Well, the truth is, it was all possible because of the large amount of food and tools that Kazura brought. That made the work progress smoothly. But Isaac had no way of knowing this fact.

「Everyone, really do their best..... Then, on the matter of the crops tribute at the next 2 months, after seeing that the prospect for harvests is grim, I think that the tribute will have to be timber, like the previous time.」

Isaac, that observing the aqueduct, changed his topic to the taxation issue. Even though his worries about water shortage had gone after charmed by the aqueduct, the crops would not grow instantly.
Isaac judged that the entire village had severe food shortage from what he saw at the village chief's house, so he decided that the tax this time was to be changed from crops into timber.

「Because it’s seems impossible to provide the timber amount like before, how about we change the amount of timber to 8 tenths of the previous tribute?」

「I understand. This time, the tribute amount will be only 8 tenths from the previous tribute amount. I will definitely accept it.」

Isaac heard the village chief's answer and smiled.

「Then, I will come back in 1 month later to confirm the situation. Though, it might be difficult in the future, I hope for the best cooperation from everyone in this village.」

Isaac said it while firmly shake his hand with village chief.

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